

W. Glover

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Where else is much of the preaching that we hear? The good book is full of the love of God, which is perfect sweetness, and the universal conscience and consciousness confirm the truth. No man walks abroad without feeling it. Beauty every where, and sorrow and

evitable, overhead tile comes in for its share in the score. Jinks has been indulging too freely in ardent spirits. At a street corner his hat drops into the gutter. Says Jinks, "I know I'll pick you up I'll fall—If I fall I won't pick you up—Good night." And he walks off with a smile of satisfaction, describing innumerable things as he goes, leaving his hat in the gutter.

A new boy in one of the Ridgefield, Conn., Sunday schools, who was asked to make the beautiful hills about him lied that he did not know, as his parents only moved into town the Friday before.

young lady, recently married to a
her, one day visited the cow house,
she thus interrogated her milk
"By the by, Mary, which of these
is it that gives the butter milk?"

An old lady of Bloomsburg, Ill., who
rather short-sighted, took a box of
patent pills. They cured her, but
d out to be black beads, with a hole
them, and she is going to swallow a
to try them.

Adam was the only man who never
told his wife about the way mothers

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